Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of Nature and of Science; Nurse rever'd
Of gen'rous counsels and heroic deeds!
O let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn
This unsubdued theme!—Let me
With blameless hand from thy unenvious fields
Transplant some living blooms to adorn
My native clime—while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Pleasures of Imagination Enlarged.

Come, Akenside! come with thine Attic urn,
Fill'd from Illusus by the Naiad's hand:
Thy harp was tun'd to Freedom—Strains like thine,
When Acha's lord bor'd the huge mountain's side,
And bridg'd the sea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece.

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